

NOVEMBER 4, 1934

GUEST, MRS. F. TRUBEE DAVISON

WJZAMERICAN-BOSCH RADIO EXPLORER'S CLUB() ()
5:30 - 5:45 P.M.NOVEMBER 4 1934SUNDAY(SIGNATURE - "SAILOR'S HORNPIPE") ACCORDION)OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Presenting - the weekly meeting of the American-Bosch
Radio Explorer's Club!

(SIGNATURE OUT)ANNOUNCER:

Come sail the seven seas with us!

(SING AND WAVE EFFECTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa!

(JUNGLE EFFECTS)

Visit the cannibal countries!

(TOM TOMS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-the-
World Radio!

(GUST OF WIND)

CAPTAIN BARKER:

Ahoy there, boys and girls! This is Captain James P. Barker speaking. Rouse out Mother and Dad for today's muster of the American Bosch Radio Explorer's Club. It's going to be mighty interesting to all hands....for through the courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History we have with us this evening a charming and distinguished lady -- Mrs. F. Trubee Davison, who will tell us about her own thrilling adventures hunting elephants and leopards in Africa.

Africa! Why that seems a long way off, doesn't it? Yet only a few nights ago, while tuning my American-Bosch Round-The-World radio, I brought in music from station ZTI -- Johannesburg, Africa - right into my own home. It seemed almost supernatural to me as supernatural as an experience I had on a voyage around Africa some twenty-four years ago. By jove, if we had only had radio then one of the strangest of sea disasters might have been averted. For it was at that time that the great Blue Anchor Liner Waratah mysteriously disappeared while proceeding from Durban to Cape Town -- a short run of less than 100 miles.

Of course, all ships in those waters were on the sharp lookout for the Waratah. Aboard my own ship, the Lord Curzon, I ordered a heavy steel hawser roused up from below and kept ready on deck, for it was the general belief among us that the liner had been disabled and was perhaps adrift somewhere to the south'ard of Good Hope.

The masters of many ships in that vicinity had high hopes of finding the Waratah, but as time went on and no word was heard from her, she was given up for lost.

(MORE)

(CAPTAIN BARKER - CONTINUED)

She had vanished into the blue, with all her people, as completely as if she had never existed.

A terrible tragedy, boys and girls -- To this day, no trace of her has ever been found -- not even a deck-chair nor piece of driftwood. And seafaring men still speculate as to the manner of her almost supernatural end. You know -- it seems safe to say that had the Waratah been equipped with radio there would have been no mystery about her at all. Seafaring today is far and away safer with the modern equipment science has made possible ---

Well, now, on with our meeting! Here's our very charming guest, Mrs. F. Trubee Davison, wife of the President of the American Museum of Natural History. Interviewing her is our good friend, Hans Christian Adamson, of the American Museum of Natural History --- Mr. Adamson.

ADAMSON: Thank you, Captain Barker, and now I take pleasure in presenting Mrs. F. Trubee Davison, as spokesman for the millions who are interested in Africa, may I ask Mrs. Davison how do you hunt elephants?

MRS. DAVISON: Well, Mr. Adamson, it's a serious and complicated business, but our hosts, Martin and Osa Johnson simplified our problems. You see, we wanted to get four average sized animals for the museum. This meant that we had to stalk elephants in herds -- and we had to be very, careful not to kill females with calves, for we didn't want motherless youngsters on our consciences.

ADAMSON: I can understand that But did you see any baby elephants?

MRS. DAVISON: Yes, once. And it gave us quite a thrill. One morning we trailed a herd to a clump of woods. At first we couldn't see them, for their grey hulks were hidden in the dim light of the forest. But we could hear them. They crashed through brush, tore branches from trees and made terrific noises.

ADAMSON: It must have been an exciting moment!

MRS. DAVISON: Exciting! That's a mild word! You see, the tension of the hunt is tremendous. Every nerve is high-pitched with a sense of danger. As I heard the elephants crash about I thought of army tanks and clutched my gun for reassurance, although a gun would be a small measure of protection if the elephants should attack. Suddenly there was a crackling noise right in front of us. Our hands tightened on our guns. We naturally thought one of the gigantic creatures was coming toward us. We were ready to give battle when out of the bush came an elephant no taller than a colt -- a roly-poly baby, coy as a kitten and fat as a pig.

ADAMSON: Ha, an unexpected twist.

MRS. DAVISON: I should say so. The tension broke and we all began to chuckle. Meanwhile, the youngster came toward us somewhat scared but still anxious to inspect the strangers who had invaded its forest. Suddenly it caught our scent and some sixth sense warned it of danger. It swung around and scampered back into the bush at full speed.

(MRS DAVISON - CONTINUED)

Suddenly, Al Klein, our white hunter, whispered: "Look"! As he spoke, a large elephant crashed through the brush some 40 feet from where we stood. We agreed that he was the right size, and my husband brought his gun into position aimed and fired. The elephant retreated a few steps into the bush and fell to the ground.

ADAMSON: Good shooting, I'd say. Getting an elephant that way.

DAVISON: Yes, but you can't always be sure you've got it.

You see a wounded elephant is very trickey, and the crucial moment is when you walk up to it believing it to be dead, only to find it up and at you before you know it. But luckily, this one was dead.

ADAMSON: What kind of a gun did you use, Mrs. Davison?

DAVISON: Oh, a big double-barreled elephant gun - But once, Osa Johnson tried to shoot an elephant with a - well, you'll never guess it!

ADAMSON: With a bow and arrow?

DAVISON: No - with an insect gun.

ADAMSON: An insect gun? You mean the kind that goes "swish" at mosquitos?

DAVISON: Yes, a flit gun. Would you like to hear about it?

ADAMSON: Like to? (CHUCKLE) I won't let you leave this microphone until I have.

DAVISON: All right! One day the Martin Johnsons located a herd of about a dozen elephants and got the idea that it would be a good motion picture shot if Osa walked up to the herd with a flit gun instead of a rifle.

(MORE)

(DAVISON - CONTINUED)

Meanwhile Lt. Quesada, one of our party, was to stand out of range of the camera and shoot the elephant when Osa lifted the insect gun. On the screen it would seem as if the elephant had been flitted to death. Well, Martin Johnson sold us the idea and we decided to start then and there. We stalked toward the bush -- 19 strong - whites, blacks, trackers, gun-bearers, camera boys and what have you. The elephants were taking their noon siesta under a flat topped acacia tree. Cameras were set up and we waited for the next move, all slightly amused but definitely nervous. You see we were really too close for comfort. We had slowly edged up to within 30 yards of the herd and in it were several bulls so big that they reminded me of Manhattan's skyline.

ADAMSON: Gosh that sounds like mighty dangerous business!

MRS. DAVISON: It was. And believe me we watched those elephants closely. They paid no attention to us, but they seemed to be getting restless and suspicious. Now and then a couple of the older and larger elephants would lift their trunks into the air as if they were trying to catch some tell-tale scent. There was something ominous and threatening about the whole thing. We realized that we stood on the brink of real trouble, for if the elephants decided to charge 19 human beings would be no match for them at all.

ADAMSON: But your party must have had plenty of guns, so after all you stood some chance of defending yourself. Besides, would all the elephants charge at once?

MRS. DAVISON: Not so fast. One question at a time. Guns. Yes we had half a dozen guns among us, but they wouldn't stop an elephant charge if they all rushed us at once and that is what elephants usually do and for that reason we decided to leave those elephants alone and forget about the flit gun. We missed a chance to make an unusual picture but it was a case of caution conquering valor.

ADAMSON: But wasn't that the time a herd attacked you and your husband?

MRS. DAVISON: Oh no, that was several weeks later.

ADAMSON: And what happened?

MRS. DAVISON: Well, we were in the thicket some 60 yards from a herd of about 15 elephants. We had just shot one when the leader of the herd crashed toward us followed by the rest. We didn't want to kill any more but the leader came on with a speed that seemed almost incredible in so large an animal. We shouted at him, waved our hats, jumped up and down and did everything we could to scare him off but he wouldn't scare. Instead he broke into the clearing and charged us with the herd close behind him.

My husband was right beside me ready to shoot.

ADAMSON: And what were you doing?

MRS. DAVISON: Oh, I was taking a motion picture.

ADAMSON: A movie? Of a charging elephant. Why that sounds almost as bad as the flit-gun. You must have tremendous faith in your husband's marksmanship.

MRS. DAVISON: I have. When the elephant was about 30 yards away my husband fired. It so happened he was off balance and the kick of his gun sent him crashing into me. Then we both landed in a thorn bush, - I never felt so helpless in my life. Just as we toppled over, I saw the elephant drop, but as we tried to disentangle ourselves, I wondered if the elephant was getting up too. But luckily, this one was down to stay.

ADAMSON: But what happened to the rest of the herd?

MRS. DAVISON: Well, we had a lucky break there too. When the leader fell, the rest of the herd swung off to our left and disappeared in the bush.

ADAMSON: Well all I have to say is that elephant hunters certainly take some pretty long risks -- but speaking of risky business, what about the time you went after leopards?

MRS. DAVISON: Ah, that is something else again. I have no qualms about killing leopards for they kill just for the sake of killing. To get a leopard, you first put a chunk of meat into a tree and then you spend the night near by in a car that has been carefully camouflaged. The leopard smells the meat and you shoot him when he leaps into the tree.

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(MRS DAVISON - CONTINUED)

The night I mentioned was pitch-black. My husband, Lt. Quesada and I cruised around for nearly an hour before we found the trap. At last our headlights picked up the baited tree -- and -- outlined against it sat some sort of an animal. We could not quite tell what it was, because a slight rise in the ground between us and the tree hid most of its body.

ADAMSON: I presume you were all set to shoot?

DAVISON: No. Stupidly our guns were in the back of the truck. But you see, coming upon this animal so suddenly was not on the program. Meanwhile, we advanced another twenty or thirty yards. The creature did not mind our headlights, or the chugging engine. Now it made a quick leap at the bait. By this time I had grabbed my husband's gun, took careful aim and pressed the trigger. The animal hurtled itself into the air, landed in the brush and was gone.

ADAMSON: You missed?

DAVISON: Yes, and I felt terribly, for it had been an easy target. We sat in the car for four or five minutes but didn't hear a sound. Next we got out and looked around but didn't find a thing. Presently Lt. Quesada left while my husband and I climbed into the camouflaged truck to wait for a leopard to come along. But no leopards came. Nothing came.

ADAMSON: Don't tell me that's the end of your story!

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DAVISON: No....In the morning while I was pulling my boots on I heard a series of wildly excited yells -- It was Lt. Quesada who had gone scouting in the bush. Guided by his shouts we found him, and stretched at his feet, was the most beautiful leopard I ever say -- and it was stone dead.

ADAMSON: Am I right in supposing the leopard was the cat of the night before?

DAVISON: Exactly! And what a surprise! I had hit it after all for that terrific leap far into the bush had been the leopard's last move.

ADAMSON: Well - then you got your leopard after all. I'll bet you were thrilled. Thank you, Mrs. Davison, you've given us a mighty thrilling afternoon - and now Captain Barker- I'll turn the microphone back to you....

BARKER: Don't go away before telling us who's going to be with us next Sunday.

ADAMSON: Next Sunday? Why, we're going back to the stratosphere - you know, the place that's full of shooting stars. This time we are going with Captain Albert Stevens of the Army Air Corps. You remember how Captain Stevens last summer went up into the stratosphere and how his balloon broke down when he was 11 miles straight up.

CAPT BARKER:

(CHUCKLE) And no place to go but down. Indeed I do remember.. We'll all be on deck for that. Now, I've got just a few words for my young friends of the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club.. You know, boys and girls, being a sailor-man isn't all calm seas and sunny skies -- not by a jugful. Take the matter of mail, for example. When we're off on a particularly long voyage we sometimes get no mail for many months at a stretch. Maybe that is why it warms my heart to receive so many fine letters from my fellow members of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club. I'm going to steal enough time to read you a paragraph from just one of them -- it's from Theodore A. Raysby Jr., of River Grove, Illinois. He writes, "That membership certificate and pin are beautiful. I don't think I ever saw anything like it yet, and that map is a dandy with all the short wave stations, and police calls." Theodore refers to the many splendid things that we send to every new member of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club.

Well - here's Ben Grauer, who is going to tell you. And so I'll say clear sailing to you until next Sunday.

ANNOUNCER:

The makers of American-Bosch Radio have asked me to announce that everyone joining this week will receive -- in addition to the certificate, button and map -- a photo, ready for framing, of the new elephant group which will stand in Skeley Hall of the American Museum of Natural History. Now, to join the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club here's all you do!

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(ANNOUNCER - CONTINUED)

Merely send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening to American-Bosch, American B-O-S-C-H, Springfield, Massachusetts. This offer is made to boys and girls and grown-ups too --- to everybody listening from coast to coast.

Travelling around the world via radio is the newest indoor sport. Twirl the dial of an American-Bosch Round-the-World Radio. How easy it is to hop from Europe to Asia down to Australia ,.... over to Africa... across to South America.... then back again to the good old U.S.S. in time for a favorite local program.

There are several good all-wave sets on the market. But American-Bosch is the only one with the Multi-Wave Selector which ends the confusion of foreign tuning because only one wave band at a time is visible; the only Round-the-World Radio with Right-Angle Tuning which makes it as comfortable for you to tune your set standing up or sitting down. Look and listen to the new 1935 American-Bosch Round-the-World Radios at your dealers'. There's a set for every purse and purpose.

(SIGNATURE FADES IN)

ANNOUNCER:

The American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club meets here every Sunday afternoon with Captain James P. Barker in command. Famous explorers are guests of the club each Sunday under special arrangements with the American Museum of Natural History. Next week: a flight into the Stratosphere with Captain Albert Stevens of the Army Air Corps.

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